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not pay a fine of fifty talents, which was imposed on him by his fellow-citizens.

We may see from Homer, in what estimation courage and valour were held. Through the whole course of the *Iliad*, the bold and courageous claim all our attention, whilst the powerful Agamemnon scarce occupies the smallest particle of our concern. We do not hear of any Greek boasting of being descended from rich parents; they gloried in having forefathers who had done great services to their country, as the sons of Hercules, who boast of *their* descent, whose father was a slave. Hence, it was courage alone that was esteemed nobility, therefore nothing was so great a mark of degeneracy as fear.

A man without courage is unable to perform any business of difficulty; his heart fails him at the least opposition; and when danger appears, he is confused and embarrassed, sinking under the weight of his own fears. But the brave man moves on like a great river, bearing off before him all the obstacles that oppose him, and growing more powerful where he is most opposed.

When a brave man is encountered by misfortunes, his calmness alleviates their weight, and his constancy surmounts them.

It is wonderful the influence that a courageous soul has over the body. It invigorates every limb, and gives us as it were a double strength; whereas, on the other hand, the fear of death kills more than death itself.

We may see the various effects of courage and fear, from the battle of Thermopylæ, where a few Greeks, with a firm resolution to die, killed thousands of the enemy. On the other hand, the Persians being surprized at an assault so unexpected, and an attack so vigorous, yielded themselves as a prey to the Spartans.

In short, there is nothing so necessary as courage; for as dangers and misfortunes are more or less the fate of every one, it is necessary we should have a sufficient share of courage and patience to support with a becoming resolution the various vicissitudes of life.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A FATHER, HIS SON, AND DAUGHTER.

Father. WHAT book do I see you so intensely engaged in reading?

Daughter. Burns's works. I cannot stop reading either his prose or verse, when once I begin.

Father. Which do you like his melancholy or cheerful pieces best?

Daughter. Indeed they are both so evidently the overflowing of his heart, that they touch mine equally.

Father. I think he indulged too much in the satirical; his writings appear to me calculated to injure the cause of religion in young minds; and his unguarded conduct had a still greater tendency to injure by example.

Daughter. Perhaps so; but it is evident to me that he only intended to ridicule hypocrisy or superstition. In his serious writings, we find Burns adoring religion, and trembling at the consideration of his sins.

Father. He had a warm heart, and strong feelings, therefore he strongly felt the power of religion, as well as the power of evil temptations. He had a keen perception of all the sublime and beautiful in nature and religion; there is nothing so much calculated to excite pathetic feelings, or raise the soul to sublime heights, as a sense of religion; yet this extatic or melting devotion I do not think calculated to render us really good, self-denying, and steadily, perseveringly virtuous; like other strong passions, they burn out, and a void is left—a painful or wearisome void. How did Burns occupy that void?—other passions arose in the stead of those momentary raptures; the love of admiration, of social company, where his abilities might be called forth, drew him, as it has often done more steady characters, into the love of drinking. His tender conscience, and all his fine feelings are lulled to sleep, or banished from his mind;—the intoxication is over—remorse fills the dreary vacuum; he flies back to the cause of his remorse; he drowns it again—again it arises, and again and again in ten fold force; his wretchedness overwhelms him, and he sinks

into the grave a victim to the noblest and tenderest feelings perverted.

Daughter. What a dreadful picture you draw! Yet he often repented.

Father. He did often and often repent, and for the time felt the most poignant regret; but let his example be a warning to us to govern our slightest evil passions. If we have superior abilities they were given to us for other purposes than to excite admiration: they need not be hidden under a veil, nor drawn forth into the glare of sun-shine; they may be calmly dedicated to some useful purpose in life.

Daughter. But every one is not calm, and would it not be a great pity to level the nobly aspiring mind into an insipid, calm character? Are there not many good uses for animation?

Father. There are indeed, yet the occasions very seldom occur when hurry and bustle are as useful as calmness; therefore he who has strong passions should use the understanding afforded him to keep them all in their places, and doing their own offices; thus none of them will have liberty to run ahead. I believe our Creator has not formed any of us without all our rigging being complete enough to answer his purposes; nor is it his purpose that any of us should run to destruction, nor can we expect to arrive at the desired haven, without having many things to war with. Burns had sense enough to blame himself—he felt remorse, which he would not have felt, but that he knew he had the power to do right, yet suffered his passions to bear down all before them. Henry, when you were in Scotland, did you hear of his family?

Henry. You may be sure I made inquiry immediately, because every thing belonging to that truly inspired bard excites interest. I learned that his wife now lives in Dumfries, next door to a very kind neighbour who acts as a father to her children. Robert was for some years at Oxford College, where he showed some poetic genius. He lately went to the West Indies. Francis Wallace Burns, was at Edinburgh College, but died of an influenza in 1803, to the great grief of his mother and friends, as he was a noble youth. Willie Nichol was then with his mother, and James Glen-

cairn at the Blue-coat school in London. I heard that their mother found it difficult to maintain them, but with her own economy and the help of her friends, she did maintain them with credit. The following lines were found pinned on Burns' grave: the author is unknown.

“Here rests the bard whom fancy once
inspir'd,
Whom nature's charms with sweetest rap-
tures fir'd;
Whose artless strain, impassion'd, tender,
strong,
Still shows the pow'r of soul-subduing
song;
Whose wit and genius, sense and taste
revere,
While pity drops upon his faults a tear:
Yet here no frail memorial marks the spot
Where Burns now lies; neglected and
forgot:
No sculptur'd marble now records his
name,
Whose verse to others gave immortal
fame;
That verse, whose beauty, where-soe'er
he lie,
Forbids his memory or his praise to die.”

Some of the admirers of Burns afterwards erected a tomb-stone over his grave, and the following inscription was proposed for it:

“If sweetest thoughts in simple language
drest,
If vivid wit has pow'r to move thy breast;
If nature painted with a master's hand,
And poet's skill, thy passions can com-
mand,
Here, Reader, pause—and Fancy's child
admire,
For here he rests, who well could strike
the lyre.
If pity touch thee, shed one friendly tear;
If blameless, censure him, for Burns lies
here.”

The mother, and two sisters of Burns, were still living, and his brother Gilbert maintains the same excellent character which he always did. This much I have from good authority.

FLORA

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

SIR,

I AM happy to see that a portion of your useful miscellany is dedicated to the improvement of the rising generation, in the publication of plans for extending the benefits of education; and, I conceive, that many of your readers would be gratified, if per-